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COMICS



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# GAMBIT

ONE  
**CHARMING**  
HERO--

TWO **DEADLY**  
VILLAINS--

--THE **RAGIN' CAJUN**  
HAS 'EM JUST WHERE  
HE **WANTS** 'EM!



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**FOLLOW ALONG**  
(WE DARE YOU)...

THE TOM CRUISE WANNABE IN THE  
"SCOPE" IS JACOB GAVIN JR.,  
KNOWN AS THE COURIER.

HE WORKS FOR HIS  
FATHER'S HIGH-STAKES  
INTERNATIONAL  
DELIVERY SERVICE.

THE GUY DOING THE SPIDER-MAN  
IMPRESSION IS REMY LOBERU, THE  
THIEF KNOWN AS GAMBIT.

HE'S A MEMBER OF THE  
OUTLAW BAND OF MUTANTS  
KNOWN AS THE X-MEN, SWORN  
TO FIGHT FOR PEACEFUL  
COEXISTENCE WITH HUMANS.

COURIER DELIVERS  
ASSIGNMENTS TO  
GAMBIT IN THE NAME  
OF A MYSTERIOUS  
MOVER AND SHAKER  
CALLED THE NEW SON.

THE X-MEN DON'T KNOW  
THAT GAMBIT OWES THE NEW  
SON A DEBT OF HONOR AND  
IS STEALING STUFF ON HIS  
BEHALF.

GAMBIT IS TIRED  
OF LIVING A LIE --  
EVEN FOR THE MOST  
NOBLE PURPOSES --  
BUT CAN HE DO  
ANYTHING ABOUT IT?

HE'S FOLLOWED COURIER TO A SECRET  
MEETING IN MANHATTAN HOPING TO  
GET MORE INFORMATION ON NEW SON'S  
GOALS.

BUT WILL IT TAKE MORE THAN  
SCORING THE HEIR ON NEW SON TO  
REGAIN CONTROL OF HIS LIFE?

Stan Lee Presents:  
**THE RAGIN' CAJUN!**

# MONSTERS LIKE US

**BROUGHT TO YOU BY:**

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inks

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HE STARTED TRAILING COURIER  
IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

IF REMY KNEW THE LAST STOP WAS  
A BROWNSTONE ON CENTRAL PARK  
WEST, HE COULD'VE SAVED ON  
AIRFARE.

WELL, ACTUALLY, HE  
SMUGGLED HIMSELF  
IN THE LUGGAGE  
COMPARTMENT, BUT  
IT'S THE POINT THAT  
COUNTS.

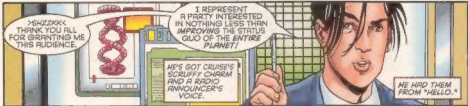


A BUNCH OF CARS HAVE  
BEEN DROPPING OFF A  
BUNCH OF PEOPLE FOR  
THE LAST TWO HOURS.

COURIER COOLS HIS  
BUNS WRITING TO  
START HIS SALES PITCH.

BUT WHO ARE THESE  
PEOPLE? AND WHY  
WOULD NEW SON  
NEED THEM?

HERE  
WE GO...  
MICROPHONE  
ON...

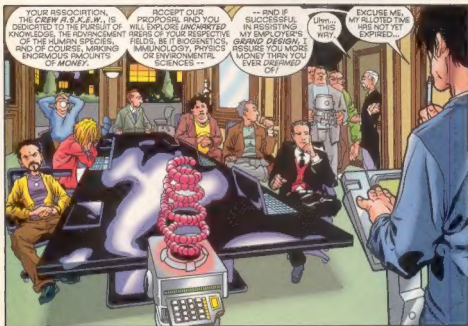


>SHZZKK<  
THANK YOU ALL  
FOR GRANTING ME  
THIS AUDIENCE.

I REPRESENT  
A PARTY INTERESTED  
IN NOTHING LESS THAN  
IMPROVING THE STATUS  
Q.U.O. OF THE ENTIRE  
PLANET!

HE'S GOT CRUISE'S  
SCRUFFY CHARM  
AND A RADIO  
ANNOUNCER'S  
VOICE.

HE HAD THEM  
FROM "HELLO."



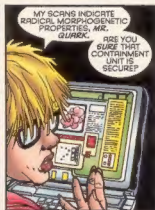
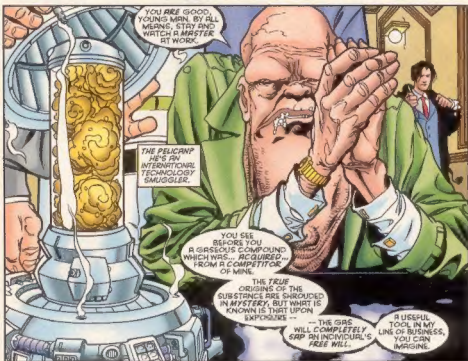
YOUR ASSOCIATION,  
THE CREW A.S.K.E.W., IS  
DEDICATED TO THE PURSUIT OF  
KNOWLEDGE, THE ADVANCEMENT  
OF THE HUMAN SPECIES,  
AND OF COURSE, MAKING  
ENDORSEMENTS OF MONEY.

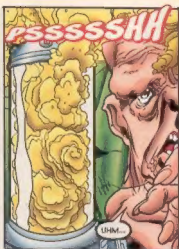
ACCEPT OUR  
PROPOSAL AND YOU  
WILL EXPLORE UNCHARTED  
AREAS OF YOUR RESPECTIVE  
FIELDS, BE IT BIOGENETICS,  
IMMUNOLOGY, PHYSICS  
OR ENVIRONMENTAL  
SCIENCES --

-- AND IF  
SUCCESSFUL IN ASSISTING  
MY EMPLOYER'S  
GRAND DESIGN, I  
ASSURE YOU MORE  
MONEY THAN YOU  
EVER DREAMED  
OF!

Um...  
THIS  
WAY.

EXCUSE ME,  
MY ALLOTTED TIME  
HAS NOT YET  
EXPIRED...



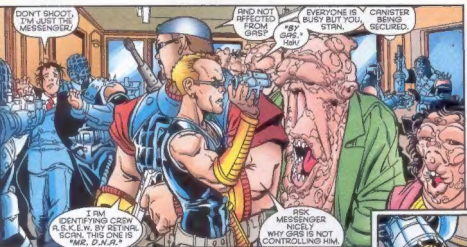




NOT SMART ENOUGH TO THINK OF THIS JOB, MUCH LESS PULL IT OFF.

ICE CUBE CLUTCHES REMY'S GUT AS HE SUSPECTS WHOM THEY MIGHT BE WORKING FOR...





DON'T SHOOT,  
I'M JUST THE  
MESSENGER!

AND NOT  
AFFECTED  
FROM  
GASP?

"BY  
GAS,"  
HMM!

EVERYONE IS  
BUSY BUT YOU,  
STAN.

CANISTER  
BEING  
SECURED.

I AM  
IDENTIFYING CREW  
A.S.K.E.W. BY RETINAL  
SCAN. THIS ONE IS  
"MR. D.N.A."

ASK  
MESSENGER  
NICELY  
WHY GAS IS NOT  
CONTROLLING HIM.



THIS IS ME  
ASKING  
NICELY.

UHM...  
CLEAN  
LIVING?

MESSY  
DYING!

UHM...  
NOSE PLUGS?  
MANHATTAN  
AIR-POLLUTION  
IS SO FOUL.

I  
PLUG  
YOU!

UHM --  
WOULD YOU  
BELIEVE I HAVE A  
PHOTOREFLEXIVE MALLEABLE  
GENETIC IMPRINT WHICH GIVES  
ME ABSOLUTE CONTROL OVER  
EVERY CELL IN MY BODY?

GREG --  
HE IS MAKING  
MY BRAIN  
HURT!



BLASTED MENGOS. HAVE  
TO BE WORKING FOR HIM.



GAMBIT WANTS TO WALK  
AWAY, FAR AWAY. BUT...

EMP



PRETTY  
SPARKLES.





EGYPT'S VALLEY OF KINGS,  
TWENTY-FIVE MILES OUTSIDE  
OF BANI-MANZA.

"SEN  
SABAH NUR"  
FOURTH  
OCCURRENCE  
OF THAT  
NAME.

SHE SWEATS. THE DETAILS,  
AS SWEET AS THE FLESH.

CORRUPTION  
OF THE ORIGINAL  
"SABAH EN-MUR."  
HE WHO IS BORN  
FIRST.

IF SHE CRACKS THE GLYPH,  
HER MOTHER AND FATHER  
WILL BE SO PROUD...

PROUD ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY  
YOUR LOST CHILDHOOD,  
LITTLE SEKMENT  
CONOWAY?

AMH!

-- I WAS  
FIFTEEN --

-- BUT NOT LIKE THIS --  
I ROUNDED A CORNER  
AND SAW --

OR DID YOU STILL USE  
DADDY'S SURNAME,  
ANUBAR, AT THIS  
POINT?

UH --

-- THIS  
HAPPENED --

WHO ARE  
YOU, RABBLE,  
TO DISRUPT THE  
SLEEP OF THE  
TOMORROW  
WALKER?

THOSE WHO  
DARE REACH FOR  
ETERNITY, SHALL  
BE DOOMED...

...TO FALL  
FOREVER!

SHOULDN'T'VE  
GONE IN BY  
YOURSELF.

WHAT  
DID DADDY  
SAY?

SEK, I  
FORBID YOU  
FROM ENTERING  
THAT  
TEMPLE!

AT LEAST  
NOT WITHOUT  
DADDY, YOUR KNIGHT  
IN SHINING  
ARMOR...

... BUT BEING  
AS HOW YOU'RE  
A BIG GIRL NOW,  
KNIGHTS TAKE ON  
A WHOLE NEW  
LOOK, DON'T  
THEY...

NICE  
OUTFIT, NAME'S  
REMY.  
PLEASE  
T'MEET'CHA.

WHAT A KETTLE STEW  
OF A DREAMSCAPE  
YOU ARE,  
SEKMENT.

SELF-  
AGGRANDIZING  
INTERPRETATIONS  
OF REAL  
EVENTS --

-- COMBINED  
WITH A LOCOMOTIVE  
DRIVE FOR PARENTAL  
APPROVAL --

-- WHICH IS IN  
RAGING CONFLICT  
WITH YOUR EXCESSIVELY  
REPPRESSED DESIRES!

WAKE UP,  
DEARIE... YOU  
TOLD ME ALL I  
NEED TO KNOW --

-- ABOUT  
HOW REMY  
FITS INTO YOUR  
PLANS --

HUMP  
WHU -- P  
FIGURES... I  
CAN'T EVEN GET  
LUCKY IN MY  
DREAMS...





EVERYTHING  
S GETTING  
BLINKY

TRY TO  
KEEPING  
THEIR ON T  
THINGS

SECURE  
SO ENTET  
MONSTERS  
N CASE WE BE  
CRASHING  
SHIP



ALL NINE  
TO EVERS  
DO WHAT GREG  
SAYS

WENGO  
BROTHERS  
HOB SPOT, IGT  
AND GO AFTER  
NO GOODNIE  
THE



PLACE  
LOOKS, AS  
HOMER AFTER  
VSTIRUM  
FANTASTIC  
FOUR!

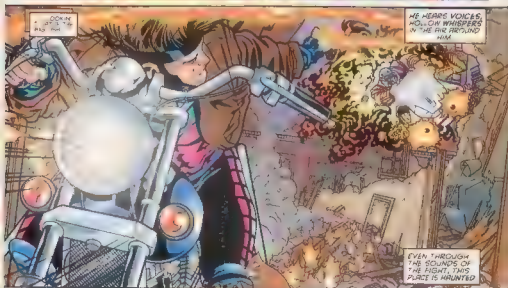
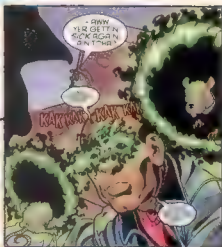
CURSE REED  
RICHARDS

NO  
NEED TO  
SAY I'VE AN  
PLEDGE OF  
ALLEGANCE,  
BROTHER WE GET  
KICKED OUT,  
REMEMBER?

OLD  
HABIT  
SORRY

YOU  
SEE SOO...MORE  
ROTTEN  
THESE?

SEE  
HIM NOW  
SAY BYE  
BYE





HE KNOWS ABOUT  
SPIRITS. HE'S GOT  
OF HAS ONE LYING  
INSIDE OF HIM.

HE'PED SAVE HIS LIFE IN  
ANTARCTICA BEFORE NEW  
SON PLUCKED HIM OUT  
OF THE SKIN.

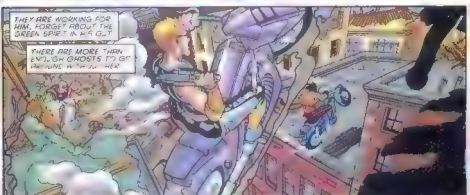
SHE'S BEEN QUIET ATE.  
WANT GET TOO VER. G.  
LOBS LIKE THE MENDOS.

REMY HOPES THE SHEER  
TRANSCENDENT OF THE R.  
E. P. BENT "DARK NEW L.



WE  
CAN MAKE  
DEALS!

GIVE  
US GAS AND  
PIG. LET'S GO.  
LVE



THEY ARE WORKING FOR  
HIM. FORGET ABOUT THE  
GREEN SPIRIT IN H.A.G.T

THERE ARE MORE THAN  
ENOUGH GHOSTS TO GO  
AROUND WITH YOU HERE





I GUESS I COULD HELP REMY OR TRY TO RESCUE THE SCENTISTS

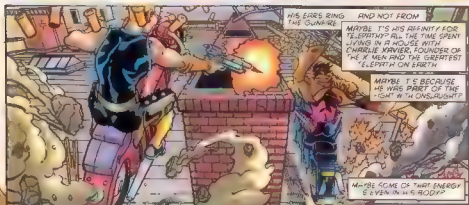


NO MORE BROWNIIE POINTS WITH NEW SON EITHER WAY HE'D GIVE ME MY OWN CONTINENT



THEN AGAIN DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF REAL ESTATE

LENGE



HIS EARS RING THE GUNFIRE

AND NOT FROM

MAYBE IT'S HIS AFFINITY FOR TELEPATHY? ALL THE TIME SPENT LIVING IN A HOUSE WITH CHARLIE XAVIER, FOUNDER OF THE X-MEN AND THE GREATEST "ELEPATH ON EARTH"

MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE HE WAS PART OF THE LIGHT WITH ONSLAUGHT?

MAYBE SOME OF THAT ENERGY IS EVEN IN HIS BODY?



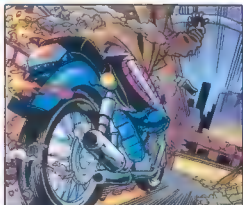
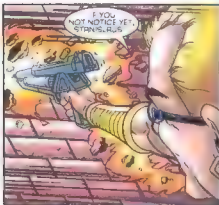
WHATEVER THE REASON THE BULL IS GETTING LOUDER

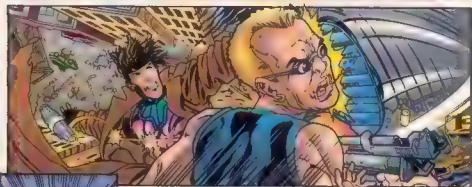
OH CRIST THE WAY IT RINGS WITHIN



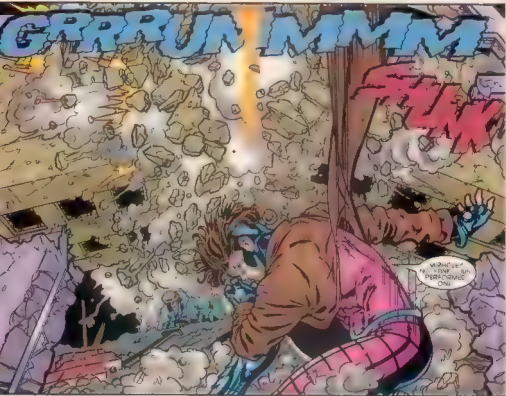
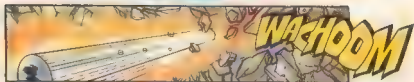
Uhm GORG SOMETHING IS FUNNY NOT HOW STRANGE

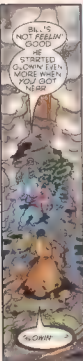
KAKKAKKAKKAKKAKKAKKAK



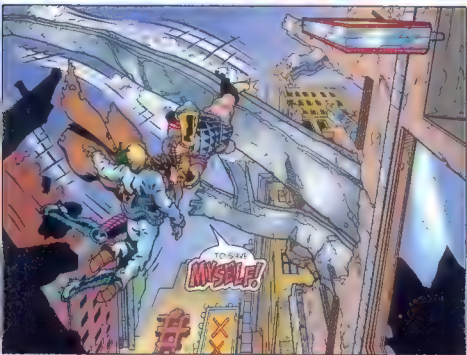
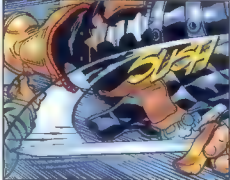
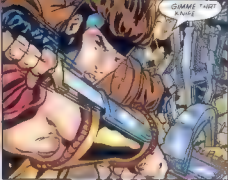














KAK  
KAK  
KAK  
KAK  
KAK



THE SHIP!

I'M TH  
BAIT -- THE  
SHIP IS THE  
FISH!

THE SHIP... IS  
A FISH!

KIM-KIM-KIM



ABANDON  
SHIP!

AHH!

TH  
SHIP IS TH  
FISH!

GREG?

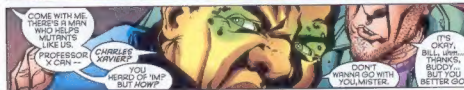
STANP

KAK  
KAK  
KAK  
KAK  
KAK



THE  
SCIENTISTS!

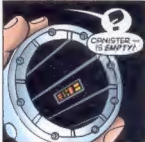
I  
TOLD YOU  
WE SHOULD  
HAVE SECURED  
THEM...



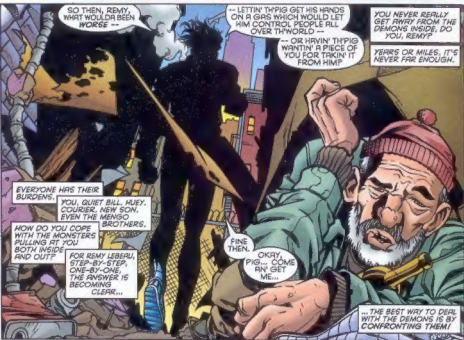


CLOSE SHAVE, NUCHT!

BABY'S BUTTOCKS CLOSE...



CANISTER -- IS EMPTY!



SO THEN, REMY, WHAT WOULD'VE BEEN WORSE --

-- LETTIN' TH' PIG GET HIS HANDS ON A GAS WHICH WOULD LET HIM CONTROL PEOPLE ALL OVER TH' WORLD --

YOU NEVER REALLY GET AWAY FROM THE DEMONS INSIDE, DO YOU, REMY?

YEARS OR MILES, IT'S NEVER FAR ENOUGH.

-- OR HAVIN' TH' PIG WANTIN' A PIECE OF YOU FOR TAKIN' IT FROM HIM?

EVERYONE HAS THEIR BURDENS.

YOU, QUIET BILL. HUEY. COURIER. NEW SON. EVEN THE MENGO BROTHERS.

HOW DO YOU COPE WITH THE MONSTERS PULLIN' AT YOU BOTH INSIDE AND OUT?

FOR REMY LEBEAU, STEP-BY-STEP, ONE-BY-ONE, THE ANSWER IS BECOMING CLEAR...

FINE THEN.

OKAY, PIG... COME AN' GET ME...

...THE BEST WAY TO DEAL WITH THE DEMONS IS BY CONFRONTING THEM!

**Soon, The Pig's Time Will Come... But First GAMBIT Confronts Past Demons of Another Kind!**  
**NEXT ISSUE:** New Orleans! The Guilds! An Assassin Amok?  
And, oh yeah -- **BLADE, The Vampire Hunter!**